

present. They were usually too hurried to foster careful observation.

The Green-tailed Towhee, with his long tail, his unexpected crest, his spotless throat, and cat-like "mew" was one of the camp delights, together with the friendly Black-headed Grosbeaks who gathered crumbs from the camp stove, the noisy Blue-fronted Jays who disputed with the dog and chipmunk the right to the scraps, and the social Chickadees who conversed with us on all occasions.

Pileolated, Macgillivray's, and Myrtle Warblers were abundant. The first two were so similar to Wilson's and Palm of Illinois.

Belted Kingfisher, Spotted Sandpiper, Hammond Flycatcher, Western Gull, Mountain Bluebird, Slender-billed Nuthatch, Cliff Swallow, Western Chipping Sparrow, Cabanis Woodpecker, Western Robin, Arkansas Goldfinch, Rufous Hummingbird, Brewer Blackbird, Red-shafted Flicker, Blue-fronted Jay, Sierra Junco, Thurber Junco, Black-throated Gray Warbler, Mountain Chickadee, Nighthawk, Desert Sparrow Hawk, Green-tailed Towhee, Hermit Warbler, Yellow Warbler, Killdeer, Louisiana Tanager, Black-headed Grosbeak, Great Blue Heron, Sierra Creeper, American Bittern, Canada Goose, White-headed Woodpecker, California Poor-will, Plumed Partridge, Warbling Vireo, Pacific House Wren, Western Golden-crowned Kinglet, Pileolated Warbler, Barn Swallow, Red-breasted Sapsucker, Mountain Song Sparrow, Myrtle Warbler, Audubon Warbler, Macgillivray Warbler, Cassin Purple Finch, House Finch, Townsend Fox Sparrow, Olive-sided Flycatcher, Western Wood Pewee, Western Lark Sparrow, Cassin Vireo, Pacific Yellow-throat, Townsend Solitaire, Turkey Vulture, Scoty Grouse, Lazuli Bunting, Calliope Hummingbird, Williamson Sapsucker, Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Western Red-tailed Hawk, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Black-crowned Night Heron, Allen Hummingbird, Western Meadowlark.

A HAMMOCK LIST OF SPARKS, NEVADA.

BY ESTHER CRAIGMILE.

Early in May I arrived in this pioneer town among the Sierras. It is located in a valley fifteen miles square, through which flows the rocky Truckee river. The whole region had been an alkali desert, but the presence of irrigation has transformed it into a rich farming region. Trees are not common. A few willows grow along the irrigation ditches, and Cana-

dian and Lombardy poplars are seen around some of the farm houses. Orchards are few. The mountains surrounding the town are so barren that sage brush thrives in few places.

Little rain fell during the three months covered by these observations. The temperature varied from freezing at night to 135 on the warmest days. With the exception of one half-day tramp across irrigated fields to Governor Sparks' gold mines, and one all-day drive through the foothills, the list was compiled from my hammock under the cottonwoods. An irrigation ditch, an orchard, and a row of tall cottonwoods attracted the birds to my locality.

Linnets (House Finch) were abundant and were as much of a nuisance as *Passer domesticus*. They reminded me of the uncouth country cousin of the refined Purple Finch. The Ash-throated and Hammond Flycatchers were omnipresent. The note of the latter resembles that of the Nighthawk, only it is more refined. The Ash-throated Flycatcher is a handsome bird. At first I pronounced him a quiet fellow as he gleaned insect food from his perch on the telephone wires, but later I discovered that he was the night musician who roused me about 2 o'clock with his chatter-box gabble, "tick, tick, tick, tick-ik, ik, tick-ik, ik, tick-ik, ik," frequently repeated for several minutes. This serenade seemed to accompany some peculiar flight. When the young were learning to fly the whole family arranged themselves on the wires and such "ticking" as followed could hardly be surpassed by a whole roost of Night Herons.

Insect life was abundant, and so were Nighthawks. Although the light was very brilliant they frequently fed until nearly noon. They slept on exposed branches of the cottonwoods and on fence posts along the road where there were no trees. Their "beady" note might be heard any hour of the day. Their rest seemed never quiet. The list follows:

Bullock Oriole, House Finch, Western Robin, Mountain Song Sparrow, Western Meadowlark, Yellow Warbler, Mountain Bluebird, Killdeer, Mourning Dove, Western Chipping Sparrow, Barn Swallow, Ash-throated Flycatcher, Brewer Blackbird, Cliff Swallow, Pacific Yellow-throat, Spotted Sandpiper, Brewer Sparrow, Red-shafted Flicker, Hammond Flycatcher, Black-billed Magpie, Bicolored Blackbird, Warbling Vireo, Arkansas Goldfinch, Western Meadowlark, Rock Wren, Western Lark Sparrow, Dusky Horned

Lark, White-rumped Shrike, Lazuli Bunting, American Bittern, Belted Kingfisher, Yellow-headed Blackbird, Western Gull, Turkey Vulture.

NOVEMBER ASPECTS IN SPOKANE COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

BY W. LEON DAWSON.

The city of Spokane, now boasting some 75,000 inhabitants, is situated in a region of peculiar interest to the student of Washington birds, and as yet very little has been published relating to the ornithology of this northeastern section. The interest is largely due to the still undefined Rocky Mountain element in the avifauna of Spokane County; and the scarcity of published material is my only excuse for presenting the following meager notes, gathered at random during what is possibly the dullest month of the year, November. Four weeks spent in the "Imperial City" allowed the writer three Saturday half-holidays at nearby resorts, and occasional glimpses besides of the birds about town.

The country immediately surrounding Spokane consists largely of lava benches and ridges, covered with a light growth of yellow pine, and is further diversified by several deep-cut river beds. Upon the east its timbered hills connect with the mountain system of Idaho; while upon the west its gentler slopes are largely surrendered to the plow. In the city itself, Corbin Hill, with its handsome residences and its artistically neglected corners, affords asylum to many species of birds; and very commendable attention is being paid, not only here but elsewhere in town, to the summer housing and the winter feeding of the gallant Troubadours.

Blinding frosts, occurring regularly through the month, have warned away the less hardy birds, while the almost constant sunshine of the middle day has rewarded the sturdier sort who stay. No premature outburst of cold has occurred to drive in the regular winter pensioners from the north,—the Snowflakes, the Bohemian Waxwings, and their ilk,—but as I write, on the 25th, the snow is falling and the official change from